

Sold To Alpha Isaac

Chapter 1:

“You...B**ch..”

“Thup...” the slap sound resounded in the pack hall and the little girl's face became dark red with five fingerprints clearly forming on her fair skin. Little girl's eyes became red as she lowered her head. Her body was shaking as her stepmother started to curse..

Alayana's POV

“How dare you add salt in my coffee instead of sugar?” My stepmother shouted at me but her words confused me. I caught my cheek and looked at the coffee flowing near my legs.. Though I was wearing slippers it was still hurting as a piece of ceramic crossed my foot leaving a fine line with blood slowly picking up speed.

I didn't bend to check my foot but stood steadily still with my head down thinking how sugar became salt in coffee.. I clearly added sugar then who changed it..

“Sorry.. I went out for a while today and didn't see who did it..” A voice said beside me in the air.. It's just a voice but there was no one beside me..

I turned to look at the kitchen where few other maids stood watching the show of my stepmother growling crazily.. It was a common thing in our packhouse.. No matter how much my father and step mother mistreat me, no one in the packhouse would help or defend me.. I lived all alone by taking care of myself and working hard to make ends meet..

My eyes searched for the culprit all around the hall and finally stopped at the stairs.. There stood my stepbrother, Mac, with a smirk on his face.. With one glance I knew it was his doing.. He loves to make my life a living hell.

For the past few years I was not only enduring hardships given by my stepmother but also the torture from my step brother.. I would lock myself in the attic whenever he looked at me like a prey.

My stepmother observed that I was not even flinching when she was scolding me and became more angry.. She caught me by the hair making me flinch in pain.. “Do you want me to die like your mother? You ungrateful wench.. You are just 17 and you scheme like b**ches out there..Your tricks are becoming dangerous day by day..”

Yes, I'm 17 and I don't have a wolf yet.. The voice I heard before is not my wolf's...but from someone whom only I can see and hear..

My lips trembled in pain but I didn't say anything because it would make my suffering more.. They love to hear my cries and let me suffer in pain..

'Mother... mom..' I cried inside when my step mother held tightly.. I closed my eyes as my scalp was turning red and I couldn't bear the pain.. She slapped me again and again till she felt satisfied. I closed my eyes while my cheeks turned scarlet red.. My lips trembled and blood flowed at the corner of mouth

My step mom was still not satisfied and bent my head down to the floor.. "Why don't you taste the coffee you made? Huh?" Her devilish voice sent shivers down my spine..

I was resisting and my face was a few inches away from the floor. "Lick it.. You Bi**h.." she turned my head and slapped me again.. I fell on the floor and she kicked me in the stomach till I started licking. Her hand made my mouth touch her feet..

"Lick..Lick.." she shouted more angrily by pressing her hard and rough slippers on my ankle..

"You old hag.. Why don't you shave your head and make it a mop to clean the floor.." I heard a voice in the air again..

My leg was hurt and I couldn't bear the pain so I licked the coffee that was scattered on the floor and her feet.. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I couldn't bear the humiliation while people around me were laughing. I wish I could die rather than bearing all these humiliations..

I am also the daughter of Alpha and was cherished by my parents when I was child. My mother, as Luna of the pack, tried her best to fight alongside my father every time he went hunting. But that day when they went out to conquer the neighboring pack.. My mother couldn't concentrate on the war because they left me alone in our packhouse. That night I was scared and cried for my mother to not leave me...but she still left me unwillingly.. Just a moment of distraction is enough to get killed in war.. Though we won the war, my mother died in foreign land. Since then my father has hated me.. He remarried and completely changed. He made me a maid and let my stepmother and step brother bully me daily..

She stepped on my foot till I licked the floor clean.

"No.." a scream escaped my lips when I saw her raising her leg to push me aside.. My scream was unheard as I was thrown to the wall.. I bent my head to not get hurt but my spine hit the wall sharply sending unbearable pain throughout my body..

"If you dare to play tricks again... remember I will make your life worse than this..." My stepmother said looking down at me with a scowl on her face..

She turned around and looked at the mess.. She then saw the clock tickling 11.30 which means it's soon time for my father to come down for lunch...

"Clean this mess.." she ordered me before cleaning her hand in the bowl that a maid had brought.. She hates touching me and would wash her hands after every time punishing me..

"Didn't you hear me?" She shouted again when I didn't move from the wall. I am in so much pain and can't stop from shaking and crying.. but I am afraid she will beat me again. I nodded my head that I will do it..

"Also go and prepare lunch for us.. Your father will be coming soon.. I don't want your dirty face to be shown anywhere when he is around.." she said before leaving with a trump look on her face.

Suddenly the air beside me formed like smoke and a person appeared... whom I can only see even with teary eyes..